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THE CLIMATIC THEORY OF POISSON AND HERSCHELL.

I. It is a well known fact that the Fauna and Flora of the tropical region of our planet differ widely from those of the other portions of its surface. An inhabitant of the temperate zone, who visits, for the first time, the luxuriant forests of Brazil, Central Africa, or the islands of the Indian Ocean, seems transported to another world, so striking are the peculiarities of their organic life, as compared with that of Europe and North America, or the still colder regions of the extreme North.

The organic remains enveloped in the fossiliferous strata of the earth's crust, although exhibiting specific differences from existing organisms (excepting in the more recent formations) strikingly resemble those of the present torrid zone. And not only do those vestiges of former creations indicate a

climate resembling that of the tropics, but their enormous development prove, that a temperature much higher than exists at present in any part of the earth, during the greater proportion of those epochs, prevailed over nearly its whole surface.

On the banks of the great rivers of Siberia, the Obe, the Yenesi, and the Lena, occur extensive alluvial deposits, which are considered to constitute a part of, or at least, to have immediately preceded, the historic epoch. In those have been found enormous quantities of the remains of extinct species of the Elephant and the Rhinoceros. These remains are scattered over a surface as large as the whole of Europe. It is true, that these animals were warmly clothed with hair, like those now inhabiting temperate latitudes, which circumstance proves that their climate must have been colder than that of those countries where kindred species are now found, since these are naked. Still, in order to produce the peculiar plants upon which the elephant feeds, in sufficient quantities to support such multitudes as their remains indicate, the temperature of Siberia must have been at least as high as that of the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean or the Gulf of Mexico. It would seem certain, therefore, that as recently as the period just preceding our own epoch, after the present continents had emerged from the ocean, the configuration of land and sea being the same as at present; a tropical climate extended to the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

Again, the remains of genera which are now confined to the tropics, and which closely resemble existing species, such as the Elephant, Rhinoceros, Hippopotamus, Lion, Tiger, etc., are found in the alluvium throughout Europe.

Descending now to the Tertiary group; on the Eocene or oldest division, especially, and in a less marked degree, in the Miocene and Pliocene, also, we still find evidences of a torrid climate. The plains of France and Poland supported a luxuriant tropical vegetation, and teemed with huge mammalia. The Palm, the Cocoa tree, and the Acacia flourished, where now only the hardy trunks of the Oak, the Chestnut, and the Pine, with their congeners, can endure the rigor of the winter's cold. The Elephant and the Rhinoceros crashed through

the tangled jungle; the Hippopotamus and Tapir sported in vast lagoons, whose rank vegetation afforded food and shelter, where now extend the dark pine forests and oak barrens of Germany and Poland. The Crocodile, the Turtle, and other reptiles, of enormous size, filled the lakes and rivers. The northern seas, too, were teaming with tropical life.

Mollusca, whose living analogues are found only in ultra tropical seas, swarmed in the bays and shallows, and their great size proves that their habitat was ever more fully adapted to their complete development than the shores of the Indian Ocean.

Proceeding downward through the several formations of the secondary group, we find still more distinct indications of a highly heated climate. The characteristic forms of fossil remains are still allied to genera now found only within the tropics. Gigantic reptiles, beside which existing species are the merest pigmies, made hideous the gloomy swamps, and the shallow bays and estuaries of the primeval earth; immense coral reefs, which now exist only in the warmest portions of tropical seas, adorned with a richly variegated pavement the floor of the ancient ocean, extending northward as far as Melville Island, in 75 deg. north latitude; and the large proportion of chambered shells, whose great size, moreover, indicates a climate well adapted to their development, proves the high temperature of this habitation. The fossil plants of this period, too, are principally the Cycadea, the members of which family, now existing, are found only in warm latitudes.

The most convincing proof, however, is found in the formation lying next below the secondary group; namely, that of the Carboniferous Era. This proof is furnished by the extraordinary development of vegetable life. The most abundant species are the Ferns, and next to these come the Lycopodiaceæ, Equisetaceæ, and Cycadea. The living genera, to which these are allied, with but few exceptions, are found in the torrid zone; and although diminutive and stunted species are met with in higher latitudes, a warm and humid climate only is suited to their due development. It is also to be

observed, that their highest development is attained, when these two circumstances reach their greatest limit.

The largest Lycopodiaecæ, or Club Mosses now living, are scarcely three feet high; but in the Carboniferous Era, their huge trunks, sixty and seventy feet in height, reared their strange and monstrous shapes upon the low shores and islands. The living species of Equisetaceæ, familiarly known as Horsetails, Cat-tails, and Rushes, seldom measure more than half an inch in diameter, while those of this period rivalled the Hemlock and the Fir in the size of their hollow, leafless stems. But the Ferns, which, in the present epoch, seldom grow more than a few inches high, excepting beneath tropical skies, comprising but a comparatively small number of species, constituted for the greater proportion of the luxuriant vegetation of this extraordinary period. More than two hundred species have been described and figured, most of them arborescent, and frequently attaining a height of forty or fifty feet; their great abundance and immense size clearly indicating a climate resembling that of the low islands of Polynesia.

These facts also prove, that the climate of this epoch was not subject to the great vicissitudes of heat and cold which we now experience, but was very nearly equable throughout the year. It is well known that but few species of tropical plants can ever exist, much less attain their full development, when removed but a few degrees even, from their proper habitat. It is also observed, that they flourish best *south* of the Equator, where the seasons are less variable than in the northern portion of the torrid zone. Now extensive coal beds are found in every part of the temperate and even in the frigid zones; and the remains of tropical plants have been found as far north as the upper parts of Baffin's Bay, and even at Melville Island, in 75 deg. north latitude. These remains, too, are found in such situations, and in a state of such perfect preservation, as to preclude the possibility that they were drifted thither by rivers, or oceanic currents. It is evident, then, that the plants of the Carboniferous Era could not have existed, had the temperature, even in these high latitudes, ever descended below that of the present tropics.

II. From the facts enumerated in the foregoing pages, we deduce the following inferences: that during the deposition of the most important of the fossiliferous rocks, the temperature of the earth's surface must have been considerably higher than that of the present tropics; that the temperature was nearly the same, as high as the 60th or 70th degree of north latitude; and that over the greater portion of the earth, it was nearly equable throughout the year; since tropical plants and animals can not exist in a climate subject to considerable vicissitudes. The great importance of this third point in the establishment of the theory we propose to present, will appear as we proceed.

A comparison of the peculiarities of the several formations also leads to the conclusion, that considerable vicissitudes of climate have occurred between the numerous epochs of our planet's history. For example; during the Carboniferous Era, and the Secondary Period, the climate was evidently much warmer than that during which the remainder of the Palaeozoic rocks were deposited. Advancing to the Tertiary Period, we still find the climate extremely warm and equable, but much cooler than that preceding. In that of the Drift or Diluvium, immediately succeeding, there seems to have been a great and sudden reduction of temperature, to a degree lower even than that of our own times. At least it has been sufficiently established, that glaciers and icebergs covered all the northern portions of the present continents, and vestiges of the latter are found as low as 40 deg. north latitude. Similar appearances have also been discovered in the Southern hemisphere. The climate of this period was probably such as now prevails within the Arctic circle, and of course was extremely unfavorable to the production of organic life. Accordingly the fossil remains found in the Drift are very meagre, and of a character corresponding with so rigorous a climate. At the beginning of the Historic Era, a considerable elevation of temperature took place, which has remained unchanged to the present time.

We proceed, then, to a discussion, necessarily very brief, of the various hypothesis which have been advanced to account for these phenomena.

1. It is a well known fact, that the axis of the earth's rotation is inclined to the plane of its orbit, (the ecliptic,) at a considerable angle, (23 deg. 28 min.) at that this circumstance causes the varied seasons of the temperate zones, and the extreme vicissitudes—the long nights and days of the polar circles.

It has been supposed, however, that formerly the plane of the equator coincided with that of the ecliptic, and hence a perpetual equinox, or uniformity of climate throughout the year and a much greater intensity of heat within the tropics. This theory, however, even if established, would be imperfect, since the temperate region would enjoy no greater a share of the sun's rays than at present, and the uniform temperature of their climate would be much lower than the present maximum heat of summer, while an eternal winter would reign within the polar circles. But astronomical science has long ago exposed the theory, demonstrating that the present obliquity of the earth's axis has been permanent.

2. The second hypothesis which claims attention, assumes the ground of those who hold that the earth was once an incandescent, fluid mass, and has reached its present condition by a gradual process of cooling.

At the first glance, this supposition seems perfectly adequate. If the interior of the earth were a reservoir of heat, of sufficient intensity to penetrate the enveloping coast, nearly every difficulty in the problem would be fully met. The gradual cooling of the incandescent mass would give every gradation in temperature, in corresponding periods, and at the same time a nearly equable climate would prevail over the whole surface, since the transmission of heat from either would be but slightly varied in intensity at different points. Still, an important circumstance remains, which the theory does not provide for. We do not observe a gradual and uniform diminution of heat, through all the successive epochs, but frequent changes from a warmer to a cooler climate; and this phenomenon the theory does not explain.

A more profound and scientific examination of the subject,

however, will clearly expose its insufficiency. Baron Fourier has demonstrated, that even were it proved that the interior of the earth is a molten mass, the crust being but thirty or forty miles thick, the amount of heat transmitted to the surface would be insensible, owing to the non-conducting character of the oxydized crust. His experiments are too numerous and intricate, and the mathematical analysis by which his conclusions are reached, too profound and abstruse to be introduced here, but they prove conclusively, that the excess of heat at the earth's surface, arising from this supposed internal source, can not be greater than one-seventeenth of a degree. The effect upon climate of this extremely small increase would obviously be quite imperceptible. Supposing the earth to be enveloped by a coating of ice, this amount of heat would not melt more than one inch per annum of its thickness.

Furthermore, it is shown, that the temperature of the surface has not been diminished by the cooling of the interior during the last two thousand years, more than the one hundred and sixty-seventh part of a degree. The argument may be illustrated by the well known fact, that masses of lava thrown out by volcanoes, in a very short time become covered by a crust, but little warmer, if at all, than the surrounding rocks, and upon which vegetation flourishes, while a foot or two below, or sometimes only a few inches, it is still fluid, as when it flowed from the crater of the volcano.

It follows, therefore, that when once a crust had formed upon the surface of the molten mass of the globe, the heat of the interior could have little influence on the surface.

3. A third hypothesis is based upon a circumstance resulting from a variation in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit. Geometers have demonstrated that the amount of heat received from the sun during one revolution is *inversely proportioned to the length of the minor axis of the orbit*. The eccentricity of the orbit is at present diminishing, and has been since the earliest observations. The minor axis of the ellipse is therefore becoming greater, and the amount of heat derived from solar radiation less. It would seem, then, that

supposing its orbit to have once been as eccentric as that of Juno or Pallas, the mean temperature of the year would have been considerably greater. Still, it has been demonstrated that even under this extreme eccentricity, the climate would be raised but three or four degrees. Besides, still greater vicissitudes of heat and cold would also follow such a change, and the circumstance is directly at variance with observed facts.

4. A third hypothesis, which is ably advocated by Sir Charles Lyell, deserves more consideration, as well on account of its own weight, as in deference to the above high authority. Weighty objections lie against it, however, some of which cannot be satisfactorily met, and it is rejected by many scientific names of the highest rank.

The theory rests on the supposition that during the warmer geological epochs, the configuration of land and sea was such, that a much larger proportion of land was situated between the tropics, or at least, in comparatively low latitudes, while an ocean occupied the place of the greater portion of the large bodies of land now lying within and contiguous to the Arctic circle. Lyell has shown very conclusively that such a change would result in a considerable elevation of temperature.

His argument is introduced by a comparison of the respective climates of Northern Asia and America. "Cumberland House, in North America," he remarks, "having the same latitude (54° north) as the city of York, in England, stands on the isothermal line of 32° , which in Europe rises to the North Cape, in latitude 71° , but its summer heat exceeds that of Brussels or Paris. The principal cause of greater intensity of cold in corresponding latitudes of North America, as contrasted with Europe, is the connection of America with the Polar circle, by a large tract of land, some of which is from three to five thousand feet in height; and on the other hand, the separation of Europe from the Arctic circle by an ocean. The ocean has a tendency to preserve everywhere a mean temperature, which it communicates to the contiguous land, so that it tempers the climate, moderating alike an excess of heat and cold. The elevated land, on the other hand, rising to the colder regions of the atmosphere, becomes a great reservoir of

ice and snow, arrests, condenses, and congeals vapor, and communicates its cold to the adjoining country. For this reason, Greenland, forming part of a continent which stretches northward to the eighty-second degree of latitude, experiences under the sixtieth parallel a more rigorous climate than Lapland under the seventy-second parallel.

"But if land be situated between the fortieth parallel and the equator, it produces, unless it be of extreme hight, exactly the opposite effect; for it then warms the tracts of land or sea that intervene between it and the Polar circle. For the surface being in this case exposed to the vertical, or nearly vertical rays of the sun, absorbs a large quantity of heat, which it diffuses by radiation into the atmosphere. For this reason, the western parts of the old continent derive warmth from Africa, which, like an immense furnace, distributes its heat from Arabia to Turkey, in Asia, and to Europe. On the contrary, the north-eastern extremity of Asia experiences, in the same latitude, extreme cold; for it has land on the north between the sixtieth and seventieth parallel, while to the south it is separated from the equator by the Pacific ocean."

The application of the above course of argument is plain. Supposing the greater proportion of land to be accumulated about the equator during the Carboniferous or Liassic and Oolitic Eras, for example, there would undoubtedly be an increase of temperature such as observations indicate. If, on the other hand, during the Silurian Period, the preponderance of land had been around the polar regions; or if a considerable upheaval had taken place in the vicinity of the Arctic circle, and at the same time a corresponding portion of land lying within the tropics had been submerged at the commencement of the Drift Period, the climate of the whole earth would have become much colder.

The hypothesis, of course, depends on the supposition that the configuration of the land has always corresponded, according to the above laws, with the observed changes in climate. It is impossible to determine positively whether or not this has been the case. Could we penetrate the mysteries of the ocean's depth, we might, perhaps, discover there the remains of former continents, and the records of their history, engraven

on their sealed tablets. And our discoveries might, perhaps, harmonize completely with the requirements of the hypothesis. On the other hand, there is at least an equal probability that those discoveries would be at variance with it; for the theory is merely hypothetical, suggested to account for certain phenomena, and supported by no positive evidence. And there is at least as great a presumption against a hypothesis as in its favor, in the absence of all proof on either side.

If, however, we examine the facts which do lie within our reach, we shall find that their evidence contradicts, rather than confirms the hypothesis.

Now, in order that the facts and the theory may correspond, it will of course be necessary to show that during the warmer geological periods, a larger proportion of land actually did lie within the tropics than at present, and a smaller proportion in high latitudes. We shall find, however, as far as we are able to judge, that the contrary is the case with respect to the present continents. And, as it is a canon of true philosophy to receive the evidence of the most trivial facts in preference to the most plausible hypothesis, unsupported by facts, we think it not at all unfair to reject the theory altogether, or at least to concede it no authority until the progress of science may possibly give it confirmation.

A careful examination of a geological map will show that the greater proportion of Scotland, Norway, Sweden and Lapland; fully one-half of Northern Russia, and above all, nearly the whole of America north of the fiftieth parallel, together with nearly all the great continents of Greenland, are composed of the hypozoic rocks. There has been, therefore, a very large body of land in high latitudes, throughout the whole period, during which the subsequent formations were deposited.

A considerable portion of Spain, Switzerland, Italy, and India, with the greatest part of Africa, and large tracts in South America, are of the same character; while of the intermediate regions, some portions have constantly been above water, and the remainder emerged gradually at successive periods.

Considerable tracts also, both in the extreme north, and

within the tropics, have been submerged until a comparatively recent period; and a careful comparison of different periods will abundantly satisfy the candid observer that the relative distribution of land has varied but little during the entire geologic period.

III. It will be observed that none of the theories considered by the foregoing pages account for one of the necessary inferences stated at the head of the last section, namely, that during former periods the temperature was nearly equable throughout the year.

A fifth theory, to the discussion of which we shall devote the remainder of this article, provides for this, as well as for all the other phenomena which this subject presents.

It was proposed and discussed by two distinguished French philosophers, M. M. Fourier and Poisson, and Sir William Herschell; and is based upon the supposition that the celestial spaces are not of one uniform temperature throughout. The theory is of course not susceptible of positive proof, since we cannot have access to distant regions of space; and there are, besides, objections of considerable weight which lie against it. Still, it is acknowledged by most philosophers of eminence to be the only hypothesis ever proposed which meets all the difficulties of the case, and that it is supported by evidence of great weight.

Poisson's argument may be stated under three headings:

1. That the Sun, with his attendant system, is not stationary, but is moving onward through space.

2. That all space, or at least an inconceivably vast portion of it, is filled with stars, so that every point in space receives both heat and light.

3. It is assumed that stars are unequally distributed in space, and that the heat of those regions where they are most dense must be in consequence considerably greater.

The first point is supported by investigations first made by Sir William Herschell, in 1783, and confirmed by those of later philosophers.

It was noticed by Halley, as early as 1717, that three stars of the first magnitude, Sirius, Arcturus, and Aldebaran, had changed their positions respectively 20, 23, and 33 minutes,

and in the same direction from that assigned them by Hipparchus, 130 years B. C.; and the more exact observations of more recent times have detected a similar motion in multitudes of others.

It occurred to Herschell that this could be accounted for in but two ways; either that the whole stellar universe, or at least that portion of it which is near us, is drifting together in the same direction, while our own sun is stationary or has a different relative motion; or else, that our sun is itself advancing through the celestial spaces, and of course approaching some stars and leaving others behind it.

His own and subsequent investigations have led to the conclusion, which may be considered to be demonstrated, that the sun actually is moving toward a point in the celestial sphere between the stars π and μ Hercules, at the rate of one hundred and fifty-four millions of miles annually.

It has also been suggested by several philosophers, guided by analogy, that not only our own sun, but all the starry host, are revolving about some grand center. The theory was first advanced in the year 1750, by Thomas Wright, in his remarkable work on the "Theory of the Universe," and more recently by M. Maedler; and his final conclusion is, that the bright star Alcyone, in the constellation Pleiades, is the central sun.

This, however, is considered by most astronomers of eminence as a point far in advance of the present state of the science, and which may require ages for its final determination.

In regard to the third postulate of M. Poisson, it has been ascertained by M. Struve, of the Dorpat Observatory, that the visible stars are not distributed uniformly in space, but become more condensed as we approach the plane of the Milky Way. These investigations, with their computations, were published some years since in his work entitled "*Etudes d'Astronomie Stellaire*," and have been confirmed by the researches of Sir John Herschell and some others. The limits and character of this article forbid a detailed account.

Analogy would suggest, then, that all luminous stars must at the same time radiate heat; and as caloric cannot be lost or annihilated, it must have an effect upon the temperature of the celestial spaces. And the degree of this effect will of

course depend upon the proximity to each other of the heat-radiating stars. This form of the theory is regarded with much distrust, however, by many names of the first rank. Baron A. Von Humboldt says, (*Cosmos*, Vol. I, Sec. 1,) "I attach but little physical probability to the hypothesis of Poisson, that the different regions of space must have a very various temperature, owing to the unequal distribution of heat-radiating stars, and that the earth, during its motion with the whole solar system, receives its internal heat from without while passing through hot and cold regions." It is *this form* of the theory merely, however, to which he objects, and goes on to remark that the question "depends mainly on the solution of a problem warmly discussed by Sir William Herschell," which we shall presently present, and to which he attaches great probability. Lyell regards it with more favor, but remarks, (*Prin. of Geology*, ch. 8,) "Conjectures as to its amount (of the solar motion) are still vague and uncertain; and great indeed must be the extent of the movement before this cause alone can work any material alteration in the terrestrial climates."

The other theory in support of the unequal temperature of the celestial spaces, discussed by the elder Herschell, if the hypothesis upon which it rests be granted, seems to stand unassailed by objections. This hypothesis is, that all the fixed stars, including our sun and his system, have reached their present state by condensation from nebulous vapor, and that there still exist cosmical bodies of this character, in every stage of condensation. This point is discussed at length in a former number of *The Collegian*; and is supported by an amount of evidence drawn from astronomical investigation, and of such a character as to leave little room for doubt as to its truth.

The condensation of a nebulous body must be attended by the evolution of a great amount of heat, as is invariably the case in the transition of gases to a liquid, or liquids to a solid state. And the temperature of those regions in which these nebulous bodies are situated must be from this cause considerably raised.

To apply this, then, to the climatic problem: it will be easily

seen that differences in the degree of temperature in the space surrounding our planet would produce all the phenomena noticed in the first section of this article.

Supposing this temperature to be much higher than at present, the climate would be modified much less by change of seasons, and by latitude, since the sun is no longer the chief source of heat. And this high and equable temperature of surrounding space, would give a warm and equable climate in high as well as low latitudes, and also with but little change throughout the year.

If the theory discussed in the foregoing pages be indeed true, it is an inference of startling import, that in it may perhaps be found a solution of the problem suggested by the words of St. Peter, in his Second Epistle,—“The day of the Lord shall come LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up.” Our sun, with his attendant worlds, is sweeping onward through space, with a swiftness inconceivable to mortal minds, and far onward in the line of its stupendous march may perhaps be regions, our entrance upon which will behold the fulfillment of the inspired prophecy;—regions for whose fiery ordeal “the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men.”

CHATTERTON.

Madness stole over the spirit proud and high
Of the lone bard. Starting, he dashed aside
The products of his brain—bewildering toil—
And seized the death-drugged vial,
Drunk, and fell back on his couch,
Thus murmuring as he died:

“’Tis done—it is done!

Farewell, the agonies and sickening strife
Of being! Fare thee well! My dream of life
Closed ere begun,
Will pass away like the unnoted wind,
Leaving no mark or monument behind.”

It was not thus—

Oh no! it was not thus, when my heart teemed
With high thoughts of fame, and had dreamed
(It was my curse)
To place a grandeur on this favored brow
From your proud heights—but ah! 'tis over now.

O! 't were a priceless rapture to have wrought
The blazing jewels of undying thought,
And to have set
Its breathing beauty in immortal numbers,
Though Earth decay, and rolling ages slumber,
Unfading yet!

Still Fancy fondly whispers in my ear,
Perchance another age will deign to hear
Thy humble strain,
And with a pleasant attention come and linger
O'er the rude notes linked by thine
Unskilled finger.
Alas! 'tis vain!

'Tis past! 'tis past!
Ah me! how wildly leaps this burning braid,
Yet I can smile at these keen pangs of pain—
They are my last!
I feel the death-throe gathering in my breast;
It whispers peace—I soon shall be at rest.

My native stream!
My cottage home! My sister's gentle face,
How strangely bright!—alas, they fade apace.
A dream—a dream!
Faintly—more faintly—darker—darker yet—
How cold! Death's icy hand! my sun is set!

Thus, ere the light of eighteen summer suns
Had left their traces on his youthful brow,
Fell this proud son of Genius—a bright star,
Starting from its aphelion, to sink down
From the incipient brilliancy of its path
Ere yet upon it rose the sun of Fame.

BE WHAT YOU WOULD APPEAR TO BE.

The above injunction must be taken in a limited sense. Many persons, with their showy dress and personal decorations, would endeavor to have others believe that they are rich. Of course, in saying, "be as you would appear to be," we do not desire that they should endeavor to get rich; neither do we wish to apply it to the person who desires to be thought learned, inasmuch as it is not in the ability or power of every one, who might desire it, to become so. But its application has reference to our moral character, the formation of which, in a great measure, is left to ourselves.

The man who occasionally devotes his thoughts to the study of human nature, and more particularly to the moral and emotional part of that nature, can not but deplore the low condition in which he perceives the great majority of his fellows are contented to live, and how few, when he comes to make a selection from his acquaintances and friends, he is able to call honest men. How few the number of those, for instance, whose word is as good as their bond, or whose veracity is always reliable. Here and there we can point to an individual whose words are weighed, as they should be, before he speaks, and when spoken, will, for a certainty, be performed. This simple yea, or nay, is given and relied upon: he is, in short, a man of his word, and is not like the rest of mankind, who, by a sort of common consent, have agreed that affirmations and promises, unless strengthened by some additional confirmatory epithets, are not binding. Hence the common use and the necessity of oaths and strong expressions, which, were men always truthful, would be superfluous. How we admire the man who has such regard for his word, as that, when it has passed his lips, perhaps with reference to the most trifling matters, will conscientiously make it good, although it may put him to great inconvenience to do so. Such a confession, with regard to the veracity of society, which we are obliged to make, is a shame to our Christianity. If truthfulness is at such a premium *now*, we can well understand why Diogenes is represented, with light in hand, as searching in his day, among the people of Athens, for an honest man.

We have selected this matter of truthfulness, or rather of falsehood, because it illustrates perhaps more fully the hollowness of the age, and the necessity of reform. What has been said of it could be said of other departments of morals. Now, although we admit that such is the state of things at large—that falsehood is more common than truth, selfishness more common than benevolence, bad dispositions than good dispositions, yet we are not willing to take it home to ourselves, and say that *we* are not truthful, honest, kind; or, rather, inasmuch as it is pretty hard to deceive ourselves as to our true character, we are not willing that others should have such an opinion of us—in short, we desire to appear to be what we are not.

This leads us, then, to an important truth, which it would be well for all to have in mind in all our actions through life, which is, that it is almost, perhaps, quite as impossible to deceive others as to our true character as it is ourselves. We may, it is true, even delude ourselves into the belief that we can hide our imperfections and failings from others, but it is, after all, only a delusion. It may be possible, for a time, to act with such duplicity as to successfully deceive others. But the true character, like murder, after a while, will out. The grand object of the majority seems to be to gain reputation rather than character, a distinction of terms which, by a great many, is hardly perceived. A person may have an honorable reputation, while his character may be corrupt and deceitful. Lord Bacon is an instance in point. By the force of his mighty genius and intellect, he arrived at a pitch of human greatness hardly ever reached, and obtained a fame and reputation, for a time, unsurpassed. His true character, however, betrayed itself. Avarice, that prevalent sin of our race, led him in his high judicial decisions, to be influenced by bribes, which at last being found out, he fell, and great was his fall. Reputation, then, is the opinion which the world has of an individual, and may be false or true. It may coincide precisely with the character, or, when an individual has great powers of deception, may be altogether above it. Most men are careful about this reputation, but very few try to make their character agree with it.

There is another point in which our injunction will apply, viz: with regard to beauty. We all, no matter how homely or ugly we may be, desire to appear as prepossessing as nature will permit, and to find favor in the eyes of our fellow men. Particularly is this true with the members of the gentler sex. Who that knows anything of ladies' society, does not know, that the appearance of a lady, in the parlor, before her visitors, is more studied than that which is natural to her when none but members of the household are present. We do not refer so much to her personal appearance and beauty, as to her general deportment. For the sake of external beauty, however, those who desire to appear attractive, should endeavor to be so, not by personal adornment, and untiring assiduity at the toilet, but by the only method which ever can make the face more beautiful than it naturally is—the performance of beautiful actions. An old writer has truly said that “the expression of the countenance is the mirror of the soul.” If, then, the soul be not right, its reflection will hardly be right. There are undoubtedly instances of extraordinary external beauty connected with the most repulsive dispositions. Such was the beauty of Cleopatra, the most beautiful, and at the same time, the most malignant woman of the ancients. But such are exceptions to the rule, which is, that just as the inner life is, so will the face, its index, be. All, then, who desire that beauty should be expressed in their features, should be careful that that, of which it is only the index, should be beautiful; and, remember, that although those whose features are naturally attractive and handsome, can afford to give loose rein to their bad dispositions—unamiability of character always deteriorates from their beauty, while amiability of character has just the opposite tendency, and will, without doubt, soon improve the plainest features, so that they should be considered beautiful. In woman, we naturally look for the beautiful, either in feature or moral character. A handsome form and fine features may exist without a corresponding symmetry of character. In such cases, the dazzling attractions of the one may, to some degree, make up for the deficiency of the other; but where there is nothing striking about the features to call forth one's admira-

tion, amiability of character certainly should not be wanting. Let the disposition be good, and we can see beauty in deformity; but let it be wanting in such persons, and we can not regard them with any other feelings than those of pity and dislike.

How common it is for us, as we read the lives of the great and noble, to wish to be like them, and to be held in the same esteem; and yet how true it is that we are not willing to pursue the same course which brought them to eminence, but would try some shorter and more agreeable way. As, for instance, we read of the heroic virtues of Florence Nightingale, we love her—the world loves her, and yet she did not do more than what, as a woman—a Christian woman, with the means, ought to do. She did not do more, perhaps, than what many of her sex would have done had they been impressed with the need of it. But here was the point. Her noble deeds at the Crimean war, although they are those which made her name known to the world, were not really the deeds upon which her fame depended. Had she not been accustomed to relieve the distressed unnoticed in private, she never would have been qualified for, or have seen the necessity of the grand undertaking of her after life. Many of her sex have undoubtedly thought that would such an opportunity of distinguishing themselves present itself to them, they would gladly undertake it; that could they do some *great* deed to benefit others, and bring themselves into notice, they would quickly perform it; forgetting that great deeds by themselves are not sufficient; that they must be preceded and backed up by little ones, which only those who have magnanimity of character, and who alone are worthy, are willing to perform. Let all those who envy Florence Nightingale her fame, and are anxious to become celebrated in the same way, do as she did. What, then, were her antecedents before the accomplishment of those acts which gave her name to the world? We find that her previous life was made up of disinterested acts of kindness—tending the sick, assisting the wretched, comforting the dying, in the village in which she resided. Actions which probably would never have been known to us but for those which connected her name with history; but which, perhaps,

as far as their moral worth is concerned, when weighed in the balances, would far surpass them.

What has been said of Florence Nightingale, could be said of all those who have enrolled their names among the benefactors of the race. Their great deeds correspond with their little ones—their little ones came first—and but for this precedence their great ones would never have been performed at all. Thousands, of course, there are, whose lives are a continued stream of acts of philanthropic benevolence; whose names are not, and probably never will be, known beyond the circle of their own immediate acquaintance; but, we venture to say, that there are none who gain any lasting honor by great spasmodic efforts of goodness, unaccompanied by unobtrusive petty acts of kindness and love. If, then, we would appear to be disinterested lovers of our kind, let us be so in our looks, words, and deeds. Many, as we said before, would be willing to do good, could they do it in some great way which would bring them into notice, but this doing good by wholesale amounts to very little, and is not the true way; our goodness should be retailed out in all the little minutiae of our daily life. In this way, and in this way alone, shall we be able to obtain the credit of being what we would appear to be.

While, however, we should endeavor to have our character one and the same with our reputation, we should take care that that character which we try to cultivate be of the kind which is the most valuable. If we run over in our minds our list of friends, we shall find, that, as a general thing, we do not admire and love those the most who are the most graceful in form, brilliant in conversation—the most polished in manners, or who have acquired the most accomplishments; but one who has no one very prominent characteristic which attracts, but the whole tenor of whose life runs evenly on, in the unpretending stream of consistency and goodness. Just as the most prominent figures in a picture, upon which the artist has brought his whole powers to bear, and which he intends should be the most striking, are frequently passed by almost unnoticed for some modest figure in the back ground, which never was intended to be specially noticed; so do we find ourselves drawn insensibly towards those who stand as it

were in the shadows of their more brilliant companions. This is the character which we most admire; not that which dazzles the mind of the observer, or which over-estimates itself; but that which is modest, retiring, and not conscious of the silent admiration of the world.

Be, then, what you would appear to be. If desirous that others should esteem you for your truthfulness and sincerity, take care that you are always truthful and sincere: not only when you may fancy there is an opportunity of gaining reputation, but at all times, in the smallest affairs of life, and even when it may seem to be to your present disadvantage. Are you desirous that you should be esteemed for your good looks? Then take care of the inward life, remembering that in a mean countenance there must always be meanness of character, and *vice versa*; that meanness of character, however successfully you may be able to prevent its exercise on special occasions, must necessarily be exhibited in the countenance. It is one of nature's laws and must be obeyed. Take care, then, of those things which make up the character—thoughts, words and actions. Our actions and words are merely expressions of our thoughts. If our thoughts are habitually elevated and pure, they will give nobility and purity of expression; while, on the other hand, if they are low and base, the countenance will correspond. Lastly, if we desire to be esteemed as benevolent, kind, and blessings to our race, let us leave great occasions to come as they will and take care of themselves; and do good in a common sort of way, as opportunities present, not looking for approbation or reward. Then shall we not only have an inward consciousness that we are of some use, and not mere cyphers in the world, but, also, that we are not acting a part, but are, without duplicity, what we profess to be.

ROMANCE OF A PICTURE.

Those students who are in the habit of visiting me in my room are sure to cast many an admiring glance towards the painting which hangs at the side of my looking-glass. It is indeed a noble picture; every body acknowledges that. I have often been asked how it came into my possession, but on that subject have always maintained a mysterious silence, until lately, my friends, becoming aware that they were trespassing on forbidden ground, ceased to question me. Now the time has come for the secret to be revealed. There is a romance connected with that picture, which I shall proceed to relate, if the reader can muster sufficient patience to hear me entirely to the end.

I am not by nature much of a dilettante. The fine arts used to be regarded by me as a branch of the fifth or sixth rate of importance. But of late years my thoughts have been turned more in that direction. The history of that picture will explain the whole matter. For a while I was enthusiastic, nay, almost a monomaniac on the subjects of painting and sculpture; but now my enthusiasm and monomania have settled quietly down into simple admiration.

One year ago last summer vacation, I was killing time to the best of my ability in the large city of ——. Wearily did the two months of holiday pass by, and eagerly wished I for the fall term at K—— to commence. The daily routine of my life was about as follows. I would rise just in time for breakfast, and after that meal would perambulate around town for an hour or two, until the heat became too oppressive. Returning home at about nine o'clock, I would spend the rest of the forenoon in reading——romances, of course. In the afternoon a protracted siesta was the principal item, and in the evening time was murdered in more ways than by getting hanged.

One morning as I chanced, in the course of my usual walk, to be passing down Walnut street, whom did I see but my friend and quondam schoolmate, H——? He was standing before a large bow window, with his arms folded on his breast,

and his face in close proximity to the pane. I approached to see what he was gazing at so intently. It appeared to be a painting, measuring about five feet by three. It represented a large apartment lighted up by two massive windows of colored glass. The architecture was Moorish or Saracenic. The floor was checkered by alternate blocks of white and black marble. On a small rosewood table, with a top made of a white slab of the same material, stood a tolerably large silver crucifix, before which there knelt, on the floor, a girl apparently about seventeen years of age. Her features were of the Spanish type, and her jet black hair fell over her shoulders in thick ringlets. Her complexion was as clear as crystal, of that pale yet healthful tinge for which the Castilian beauties are so distinguished. The eyes were black, and shaded by long silken lashes; the eye-brows well arched, and the forehead high. The arms were bare and clasped before the bosom, which was pretty well uncovered, as a matter of course. She was dressed in a plain black silk, and over her head was thrown a veil of black lace, studded with small silver stars. The form was perfectly symmetrical, though rather inclined to embonpoint; the countenance thoughtful and devotional in its expression, and the eyes directed steadily at the crucifix. At the bottom of the painting was affixed a sort of label, on which was printed in large letters the name, DOLORES.

I stood by my friend's side for some time without his noticing my presence. At last, perceiving that he was too much absorbed to take cognizance of any thing sublunary except the picture, I made him aware of my proximity by giving him a slap in the back. He started, and looked round at me with an expression of countenance which plainly showed that he gave me small thanks for disturbing his reverie. I asked him what was the nature of his meditations—a very unnecessary question, knowing, as I did, his intense admiration for the fine arts. He heaved a deep sigh, expressive of the most abject despair, and replied, somewhat pettishly, "Go way, and let me alone; you cannot understand them; so what is the use in telling you?"

"Why can I not understand them?" asked I.

"Because you are no virtuoso," was his reply.

"Yes," I remonstrated, "even if I am no devotee to the fine arts, I can appreciate the beautiful in all its forms, whether it be embodied in a statue, a painting, a girl's face, or a Greek poem."

"Then," quoth my friend, "what do you think of that picture?"

"It is pretty," quoth I, rather carelessly.

"Pretty! only pretty? It is lovely, angelic, ambrosial! unsurpassed by all the houris of Mahomet's paradise."

Scarcely suppressing a smile at such vehemence, I began to rake my brains to find some objection to the picture. All this, I confess, arose out of pure contrariness, just to throw cold water on my friend's ardor. First, I remarked that it was altogether too highly colored, which H—— declared to be no such a thing, on the ground of his being a better judge on such matters than myself. But I was not to be put off thus. Returning valiantly to the charge, I offered objection after objection, until the other became quite disgusted with my want of taste, and gave up the contest. But before we parted that morning, he remarked, "If I can raise money enough, I shall purchase that picture and hang it up in my room."

This awakened a new idea in my head, or rather it *put* a new idea *into* my head, for I am not one of those who still hold on to the exploded dogma of innate ideas. I thought it would be a good idea to purchase a picture and put it in my room at K——, for an ornament. But what sort of a picture? There was the rub. For about a week after that occurrence, I took a longer walk than usual every forenoon, in order to find a picture that would suit me, but entirely without success. All those which did please me in most respects seemed to have some little fault which became in my eyes an unmistakable drawback on their beauty. At last I thought it would be best to have one made to order by some distinguished artist! Let me implore the reader not to laugh until he hears the sequel. Such was my idea. But would it not be altogether too expensive? However, I determined to consult H—— about it, and ask his opinion. In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes, I was in his presence, and found him in no very amiable mood.

Something appeared to be weighing very heavily on his mind, and when I asked him what was the matter, he replied laconically, "I want Dolores."

"Well," said I, "we will talk about that by and by. I promise you all the assistance in my power. But first, I wish you to give me information on a certain subject."

My friend expressed his willingness, and I communicated to him the gigantic project which I have just described, and asked his opinion.

"Your project is a chimerical one, unless you have plenty of money," said he.

On my expressing my regret that it should be so expensive, he said, "I have often lamented one thing which is a bar to the extensive cultivation of painting and sculpture in this country. There is no aristocratic or permanently monied class with us, who can afford to patronize largely the professors of the fine arts."

"Thank God that such is the case!" was my fervent and almost involuntary exclamation. My virtuoso friend stared and asked what I meant.

"Better," quoth I, "better far is America's lot without the fine arts than with them to be cursed with a titled or privileged aristocracy."

H——, gazing on me with a look of vexation, called me "an infernal red republican." Although this was conferred on me as a term of reproach, I considered it as highly complimentary, and lost no time in informing him of the fact. He then called me "a visionary enthusiast." This I cared neither to deny nor to acknowledge, and accordingly brought the conversation back to the original subject. H—— asked me what sort of a picture I should like to have painted. This question quite nonplussed me; for even while complaining that I could find no picture that suited me, I had not the most remote idea what sort of a picture would suit me. However, I took the hint. From that time forward I busied myself continually in trying to devise some picture.

Success at last crowned my efforts, but it cost a series of terrible efforts. First, I thought of a landscape, then a

battle, and then again of the portrait of some great man. But none of these were to my liking; they were altogether too common; what I wanted was something more unique, more *recherche*. Finally, I managed to complete a fancy painting in my mind, and arranged it so that I thought it could be copied down upon canvas at the shortest notice! But Rome was not built in a day, neither could my gigantic beau ideal of a picture be erected amid the clouds of the imagination in so short a space of time. It cost me a full week of hard, untiring labor, arduous working of every faculty of the mind. For a while I almost despaired of raising the image. I longed for the fancy of an Arab and the imagination of a Persian poet to aid me in my labors. At last, however, I succeeded. Of that more hereafter.

Scarcely had I finished my imaginative labors and had time to shout "Eureka," with as much gusto as ever Archimedes did, when my friend, whom I have mentioned so often, paid me a visit. He had come to remind me of my promise to assist him to obtain possession of Dolores. I had almost forgotten it, but expressed my willingness to do so. He told me that he was in the habit of visiting that store on Walnut street, regularly twice a day, once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon, and standing before the window to gaze on the picture for half an hour at a time. He desired me to accompany him then thither and see if both of us could not do something towards the desired result. Though I had not the least idea that we could do any thing of the kind, I readily consented.

Having arrived at the store, he stopped at the window, to admire the picture. I waited until he had enjoyed the prospect for a few minutes, and then gently reminded him that I was waiting for his farther commands. He expressed a desire to know who painted the picture, where the artist lived, and what was the price of it. I volunteered to procure for him the information, and, entering the store, inquired of the clerk, "Who painted the picture in the window?"

"Don Alonzo Miguel de Tendilla," replied the store-keeper urbanely.

"Can you give me his address?"

"No. 69, Calle de los Reyes, Madrid," responded he, with a smile.

"The picture was imported then?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much is it?"

"Three hundred and twenty-five dollars."

This was altogether too much. I started at once for the door, resolving never to think any more about the fine arts. But scarcely had I advanced three steps, when a painting, hung against the wall, caught my eye. I stood transfixed. For a second or two, I lost all consciousness, and then began to doubt my own existence. Was I dreaming? Was I the victim of enchantment? That picture was an exact representation of the beau ideal which I had so laboriously conceived in my mind! I was positively certain that I had never seen it before, and that the plan was just as original with me as with the artist who painted the picture before me. Gigantic paradox! I must have remained standing several minutes, staring like a wild cat, before I felt a hand on my shoulder, and the well-known voice of my friend whispering in my ear, "What's the matter? are you crazy?" Just then we were both startled by hearing the storekeeper burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. "Gentlemen," quoth he, "I see you are very much puzzled about something, I cannot tell what. If you will come with me into the next room, however, I can give you some information, which will probably help you out of your embarrassment." Taken by surprise, we followed him into the back room.

I have now come to the climacteric of this history. Now commences the bona fide romantic portion of it. My pen already begins to tremble at the very thought of writing down the startling revelation which followed.

[To be concluded in the next number, when the reader will see the upshot of the matter, and the point to the whole story.]

TOO LATE.

On the hillside lone and wild,
Gently o'er the hamlet stooping,
Like fond parent o'er his child,
When its fragile form is drooping,
Bends the churchyard willow tree,
Faithful mourner o'er the sleeping,
And the groves look green to see,
While silence o'er the sward is weeping.

The moon-beams sparkle on the rill,
So calmly down the valley flowing,
The tombstones glitter on the hill,
The green grass too is softly glowing;
The stars peep kindly through the night,
And zephyrs through the shade are thrilling,
While dewy tears like pearly light
Are fast from angel eyes distilling.

Now Eva from her garden steals,
And hastes her to the churchyard madly,
Eager she hies, like one who feels
Distracted while the heart beats sadly;
Onward she hurries to the stile,
With fevered brow and bosom heaving,
And night's pale queen looked down the while,
To see the cheerless creature grieving.

Beyond a recent grave was made,
And scattered wreaths and garlands twining,
Told how some loved one lowly laid
Was yet remembered there reclining:
The cold sod had not grown green,
The damp earth caught the pale moon beaming,
And "Edwin" on the stone was seen
By Eva's eye with tear-drops streaming.

Her lips the marble tablet press'd,
She clasped the sward beside it kneeling;
The maiden beat her burning breast,
Oppressed, o'erwhelmed with frenzied feeling.
"Oh, Edwin speak! 'tis Eva calls,
Whose proud vain heart you oft entreated."
Silent and sad the echo falls,
As if from each cold stone repeated.

"Oh, Edwin speak one—one short word,
To heal this bosom madly reeking."
But not a breath in answer stirred,
Though Eva's heart was sore and breaking.

" Yes, yes, I love; why said I 'not'
When Edwin's lips the tale were pouring,
Oh, can that sad word be forgot?
Speak in your own sweet tones assuring.

" Repentance wrings your Eva's heart,
In agony of bitter sorrow;
Oh, could I quench the bitter smart!
I'd rest with Edwin here to-morrow."
No voice—no word, her Edwin gave,
Late came her frail, her fond endeavor,
She sank expiring on the grave,—
Edwin and Eva sleep forever.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE *vs.* RELIGION.

It is but little to say that our periodical Literature is Godless—that it is not more than half the truth. If it were merely minus piety—if the whole subject were ignored, and it went on its way just as though there were no God, no Bible, no soul, and no hereafter, it would be bad enough. It is much worse than that. It extensively perverts and corrupts good literary taste, and unfits one to relish more solid and profitable reading. To a large extent, it is the merest trash, folly, nonsense, low wit, no wit, and wit in a minus quantity, or wit run down to zero, and many degrees below that. Its unwholesome excitement, with tales of blood and murder, "the blood and thunder literature," as it has been called, with which our flash newspapers are filled, is very much akin to alcoholic excitement. The wine-cup, fiction, and tobacco, are Satan's trinity of contrivance to ruin the young. Our dead walls, and the fences around naked lots glare out upon us with visions of blood. Flaming handbills announce some dreadful, heart-rending tale, set off by a terrific figure of an Indian with a tomahawk raised above a captive maiden's head, ready to sink it in her brain! Or, the tables are turned, and some hapless woman, who has been deceived, turns upon her betrayer, and has her

arm upraised about to plunge a dagger in his guilty breast: with such a startling appeal, all the world is invited to read the tale of Love and Revenge—price four cents a copy.

Such is the stuff which is printed by tons and sent abroad all over the country, to form the reading of thousands. What must be its effect upon our national taste? Even though it should teach no immorality or impiety, its influence is most pernicious in the craving which it produces for excitement. It destroys pure taste—the taste of the quiet scenes of nature, and the simple incidents of domestic life. It destroys the relish for home and begets a craving for theatrical excitement—the gas-lights and the foam and fury of the stage. Nor does the evil end here—to fill the imagination with scenes of horror, is to familiarize the mind with deeds of blood, and prepare for the acting of real tragedies. In France, the same populace which was fed on horrors at the theatre, enacted the Reign of Terror in the streets. It rushed from the play-house to the public square and set up its guillotine, that daily struck off the heads of the best and noblest of the land. So this literature of the stage and of flash newspapers is a poor education for city and country.

Fiction is read upon about the same principle that men drink rum for its pleasurable excitement. They might well wish the wish of the old lady toper (only we do 'nt know how a lady could be a toper, or a toper be a lady) who wanted a throat as long as a crane's, that a dram might taste good a long ways down. There is not much to choose between the associations of the saloon, with the card table and the wine-cup, and the influence of this literature of the horrible. It would not be difficult to furnish startling statistics of its effects in ruining morals and hindering the conversion of its readers. A devourer of such fiction is about as hopeless a subject of divine grace as can be found. It is astonishing what an enormous swallow some people have—what an immense quantity they can take in, and, after all, be troubled with a terrible sense of emptiness. Periodical reading matter has entirely overpread itself, trespassing upon the domain of the well-filled

volume. And it is for such a literature that Mr. Everett, prince of scholars and of orators, the ornament of the highest walks of literature, has condescended to write. He is really too great a man to spend his latest years in manufacturing twaddle for the million.

In a late number of Leslie's Pictorial there is a caricature of the great and holy missionary work of the church, holding up to ridicule that type of piety which prompts young christians to be missionaries—seeking to make the impression that it is fanatical and preposterous, and that such efforts are failures. The pictorial caricature represents the missions to the Figi Islands as a miserable and ridiculous failure. Yet, as a matter of fact, this has been one of the most successful missions in the world: there are there already some 54,000 Christians, or about one-fourth of the entire population—a larger proportion than here at home. About thirty years since, they were all cannibals. What an impression this caricature will make on the youthful mind throughout the length and breadth of the land! Ridicule is much more to be dreaded than argument, because argument can be met.

There are many brilliant good things in the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, yet we hardly think any body will rise from its perusal with quite as good impressions of bibles, churches, sermons, and pious people as he had before. It is very far from orthodoxy.

In the Professor at the Breakfast Table, in the January Atlantic Monthly, New England theology and piety is boldly caricatured as a sort of Juggernaut, and Parson Channing, the great Unitarian, as putting a little oil on one linch pin and slipping it out so softly—the first thing they knew about it was that one wheel was down. Another fellow, (by whom perhaps Theodore Parker is meant) is at work now, but he makes more noise about it. When the linch-pin comes out on his side, there'll be a jerk, I tell you. Some think it will spoil the old cart, and they pretend to say, that there are valuable things in it which may get hurt. Such is the way in which is held up to contempt all that is most venerable in New England. We concede the high literary

character of this monthly ; it is like King Saul, head and shoulders above all cotemporaries ; but that literary reputation is only a scaffolding, with which to do mischief, disseminating so-called liberal, that is, Unitarian and latitudinarian views of religion. Materialism and Pantheism sometimes show the cloven foot in spite of the graceful disguises in which they are draped.

Mrs. Stowe's influence, we are sorry to say, does not promise much better things. Ministers and churches suffer at her hands about as much as anywhere else. Her pious people have some strange, out of the usual way of being pious. They are pious in spite of ministers and churches, and orthodox or metaphysical hindrances.

It is said that "every preacher in Dickens and Thackray is a scandalously wicked man—every professor of vital religion a hypocrite, or sadly deficient in kindness to men. Their best characters are *born holy*, they are refined, although they have seen nothing but coarseness, and good without any religious influence to make them so." It is thus that the established institutions of the gospel and the prevailing type of piety is ignored or insidiously attacked, and attacked when it is out of all the proprieties. The impression is made that if there is any good thing left in the world, it will be found not *in* but *out* of the church. There are, no doubt, wrongs in the church, but it is not best to decry an institution of God, because of them. We should, making a distinction between what is essential and accidental, decry the wrongs, but still uphold the church. The best institutions must work, amid depraved human nature, with some friction and an occasional jar. It is not best to bruise and blacken a man's nose to brush away a fly, or pull out an eye to pull out a mote, nor decry marriage because there is now and then a little friction in the working of this institution. So it is with the church and the prevailing type of piety. There may be something more than flies, motes and friction in its sins and wrongs ; but be it more or less, it is not best, Samson-like, to pull down the whole temple, pillars, roof, Philistines and all.

It is said that the copies of Harpers' Magazine, for a single month, would fence in a good sized garden, with a wall four feet high and two feet thick. Such is the vast extent of our periodical matter. We can't afford to have our youth and old people get their impressions of churches, Christians, and ministers from these sources, where an occasional thread of truth is found with a web of error—where they are persistently represented as scandalous wicked men, or miserable hypocrites—where the impression is extensively made that men are *born holy*, or become so, independent, and in spite of the ordinary gospel influence. Such is the drift of the periodical literature of the day.

THE LOST CHAPTER OF THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

It has long been a matter of wonder that so careful an observer of the world as John Bunyan, should have omitted in his *Pilgrim's Progress*, a passage in human life as that spent in a course of intellectual discipline. For myself, I have been ready to believe that some part of his book has been lost; and as the result of my researches among the old versions of his works, I send you the following, which I am willing to be received as its title imports.

Now, I saw in my dream, that when Evangelist had spoken of the harm that should befall them in Vanity Fair, he told them also that before they reached that place, they must needs go through the land of Learning. And withal he gave them much good counsel as to their carriage there. He told Christian he would have but little use for his sword, so that he might keep it in his sheath all the while, though he should never lay it aside, lest he should forget and lose it. Nor must he ever put off his armor nor lay down his shield, for some sly enemy would then be ready to give him a blow.

He likewise advised Christian and Faithful that they should read much of the roll that had been given them, and should keep in close company, so as they might be helps to

one another if any thing should flatter them out of the way. So Evangelist went his way.

And presently they began to enter the country of which he spake to them.

Now I saw it was a goodly land, for the fields were green, and there were many clusters of trees, and many little rivers and fountains of water. The name of the lord of that country was Worldly Wisdom. He was a very crafty man, for when the Prince of Pilgrims agreed with him that they should have a road through his dominions, instead of marking out to them a narrow path, which was all that was required of him, he gave up a very broad one; and by this means Pilgrims got out of the right way before they were aware of it, and there was no path of their journey where they were more likely to go wrong than there.

The country was thickly peopled, and the inhabitants were mostly well attired. They treated the Pilgrims civilly, for they were too busy with their own pursuits to regard them much. There were many fair women called Muses; some of them were modest enough, and some of them very lascivious, but exceedingly bewitching withal. Sometimes, with their soft words, they would draw the Pilgrims into conversation, and delay them. And Faithful said that in all his travels he had never been so much put to it as by them.

The first province they entered was called the Classic Ground. It was full of old and tall trees and sweet flowers, and monuments with ancient writings on them. There were many persons exploring it, and many goodly mansions in it; and mostly the Muses dwelt there. Some of the trees bore good fruit, but almost always those which were best to the eye were not good for food.

At length, when the day was well nigh spent, they came to a place called the Settlement of the Antiquaries; and they tarried at an inn kept by one History, at the sign of the Folio. Although they heard much unprofitable talk, yet they learned some very good things about the doings of their king, and about other Pilgrims that had gone that way before them. There was one old man, especially, named Biography, a brother of the inn-keeper, who told them about

what had happened to Pilgrims in their fights with Apollyon, and how Madam Wanton and Adam the First had beguiled many; so that Christian and Faithful were greatly pleased by his discourse.

Now I saw in my dream that upon the morrow, when they went on their way, because the road was wide, and because there were many in the apparel of Pilgrims, they two were separated. Faithful kept straight forward, near the right way; but Christian fell in company with some who were talking of the times of the sun's rising and the new moons. They seemed like very honest men, and Christian thought it would be a benefit to him to know about these matters, so he went with them. Presently they came to a place called Pure Science. It was a huge castle, surrounded by a high wall. It had a large gateway, and a man whose business it was to show the building to strangers, and who very courteously invited the travelers in. Now the walls of the building within were hung with pictures, and the guide stopped very kindly to explain them to the visitors, and told them they would certainly meet all these things again in some part of their travels. The floor was made of all sorts of strange shapes; and somebody said that part of the castle was called Geometry.

And then their guide led through many winding passages and dusky rooms in that part of the building called Mathematics. They began to be alarmed lest they should never find their way out. Some one whispered to Christian that searching out such dark passages *might* be a part of the employment of the Celestial City, whither he was going, and at this he was much encouraged. Howbeit, after many turnings and goings, they came out safely, and straightway I heard them singing for joy.

I do not think that Christian joined in singing with them, for he began to bethink himself of his old friend Faithful, for he heard that he was going on in the right way, and was now a good distance in advance of him. As he went out of the castle to get upon the highway again, he heard many loud noises like the rolling and buzzing of wheels and mills;

and turning to look, he saw a place called Invention, where all kinds of labor were done without weariness and very skillfully. They were carrying away different sorts of handicraft and great numbers of useful things called *patents*. As Christian was looking with admiration upon these things, a man whose name was Mechanics accosted him, and asked him to go and work in that place. The man had a keen eye and a strong hand; and he looked at the Pilgrim so earnestly, and offered him such an abundance of honor and of reward, that Christian, who had been a good while out of the right path, was half persuaded to go with him. But just as he looked up, he saw Faithful away forward of him, and just now beginning to go up a hill that lay in their journey. So putting to all his strength, he quickly overtook him.

Now I saw that this hill, up which they were going, was a very steep and hard one, yet very noble and pleasant withal. It was called Mount Observation. On its sides a set of men lived, who were called Naturalists. Some of them did nothing but dig the little stones that were to be found there, and pile them up in curious and well arranged rows. Others did the same with the flowers that grew there. They had a name for every bird that flew and every worm that crawled. They were very industrious and sober men, though in times past they used to ridicule Pilgrims and oppose them stoutly. I have heard that lately they have learned better manners, and some of them have even become Pilgrims themselves.

On the top of the hill dwelt a very devout man named Contemplation, and his neighbors, Mr. Astronomy, Mr. Civil Polity, and Mr. Ready Justice. These last had been great travelers in their younger days, and had come back to spend their mature years in the society of old Mr. Contemplation. The path that the Pilgrims went lay close to the doors of all these gentlemen. And sometimes they had very sweet counsel with them, and found them very worthy men, for they knew a great deal about the character and laws of their king. But they were of an uneven temper and of capricious humors; and sometimes they abused Pilgrims shamefully.

Over this hill, therefore, did Christian and his fellow go. Faithful would have stopped among the Naturalists, or with Mr. Contemplation, but Christian suffered him not, for he recollected with what difficulty he had found his way from the labyrinth of Pure Science before.

Now as they were going down the hill, upon the farther side, they came to a pleasant grove called Philosophy. There they tarried a long time, for so had their king appointed his order that his subjects might have some time to gain strength for their future travels. While they abode there, they heard of a certain cavern called Metaphysics, from which many precious metals had been brought up, and they were fain to visit the place. This cavern was very deep and long, and ended in a body of water which nobody could cross. There was one man especially, Transcendentalist by name, who declared that somebody ought to examine the underground lake. So he procured a boat that he might do so himself. But his boat was rotten and leaked, and it lacked ballast, so that it rode on the water very unsteadily; and those who sailed in it, if they ever came back, spoke so mysteriously and performed such strange antics, that sober men thought they must have seen some frightful sights or breathed some noxious gas. Yet Faithful was very anxious to go into the cavern; and I verily believe he would have done so if Christian had not read to him from his roll, "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit."

So at length they journeyed very lovingly together. And as they went, upon one side was the town of Eloquence, and upon the other was the country of Poetry. The people invited the Pilgrims to go aside and see some of the curiosities and get some of the goods of those places. But they kept straight on; and afterwards they were glad they did so, for they found their path was so laid out through the country that they could get all the best products of the land of Poetry and all the good wares of the town of Eloquence, hard by their wayside.

They came next to the region of Imagination, whose chief city is called Fiction. The lord of that part is my lord

Falsehood, and his wife's name is Delusion. The soil is very sandy, and the clouds above are always bright and glistening. It is the nature of the air and of the light in those parts to make all things sparkle, so that one might think every stone were a ruby. On one side of their path toward the setting of the sun was a vast, smooth plain. People call it Romance. It causes every thing seen upon it, and beyond it, to appear wrong side upwards; and those who look that way much are in great danger of having their heads completely *turned*. But Christian had a bottle of eye-water called Reflection, which prevented any injury from the bad light and from the Romance.

Close by the path the Pilgrims went, lay several filthy bogs and stagnant ponds called Novels, from which bad vapors are constantly arising; and by reason of this impure air, Christian fell sick. But he recollected a certain medicine—Common Sense—which he always kept by him; and by using this moderately, and by turning his face from the bogs, he speedily recovered. The fruit that grows in this region is somewhat like that on the Classic Ground, but worse. If a man eat a hearty meal of it, he is sure to be sick after it. And if he attempt to live on it, eating nothing else, he would without fail be starved to death.

The roads were very sandy and heavy, so that the Pilgrims walked very wearily. But they encouraged each other by reading in their roll; and they provided themselves with stout staves from the tree of Good Principles, and on these they leaned. So they made the best of their way, and at length they got through the land; and right glad were they, for they knew they should not be obliged to go over that land again. Then sang Christian:

"Some useful things e'en wicked men can show;
The worldly wise some curious maxims know;
And while toward Heaven through Learning's toils we move,
In Truth's divine we always may improve."

And they went on their way rejoicing.

INDIVIDUALISM.

Man is by nature a selfish being. Self-love and self-aggrandizement govern the world. Religion and morality may indeed diminish their influence to an indefinite extent, yet the principle is inherent in the human heart. The desire for happiness is universal; hence, self-love is the most prominent feature in the character of man. But it is well that it is so; for self-interest is the foundation of every effort of man; it is the vital spring of every action. The most disinterested motives of which we can conceive, have this principal at their root. Benevolence and all the Christian virtues have their fountain-heads at the same source, from which spring all the mighty rivers of vice and iniquity of the world.

Individualism may be viewed in two distinct phases: We behold it in its primitive state, as a mere desire to gratify bodily wants, and to secure personal liberty. But look upon it in its more advanced stages, and it is found to be nearly identical with ambition, whether it be for good or bad ends.

The struggling against this principle of self, the warring against the baser qualities of man's nature, are the first steps towards civilization. The Germans never made any advancement in civil or social progress, until they learned to curb, in a measure, this stubborn spirit within. As we approach nearer modern enlightenment, the more readily is this truth recognized. The same great changes which every thing else has undergone, since the crude materials of modern civilization were first put into shape, the human heart has also experienced. If it was the highest aim of the German warrior to maintain and enjoy liberty in its widest sense, it the fond desire of the civilian of modern times to give the fullest scope to his ambition. This ambition, however, is not taken in its ordinary acceptation. It is neither that low, grovelling thirst to gratify unlawful desires, which frequently mark the lives and actions of the lower class of society; nor is it that inordinate yearning for

power and eminence—that longing for high position and places of trust, which in themselves are sometimes not only undesirable, but are oftentimes obtained by the grossest illegality. It is not this kind of ambition. It is that desire for preferment and honor, that desire for excellence and superiority, which spring from more laudable aspirations.

That independent and haughty bearing which our Teutonic ancestors exhibited, and which we are so wont to laud as a spirit of manliness and an evidence of a superior cast, was nothing more than an endowment bestowed upon all the barbarous people of temperate climates. The same characteristic was evinced by the North American Indians. That same fierce, warlike spirit, which would never succumb or surrender to superior strength; a nature that ever detested slavery, and would never for a moment, brook ill-treatment. Unlike the Aztecs and Incas, at the south, who fell so easy a prey to the resolute Spaniard, the red men of the north offered such a determined resistance to their European invaders, that what were at first merely petty broils, were soon changed into open hostilities, from which followed long and bloody wars. They atoned their bitter wrongs by many a scalp of their white foes; and many a grave unknelt and unmourned, was left as the only epitaph of their departed strength and glory.

The Individualism of the Barbarian, although it never would have assumed a higher state of development, without first having been brought in contact with Roman progress, was, nevertheless, the polar star which guided modern civilization. It readily applied itself to the remaining elements of the fallen empire, and was soon infused into all of western Europe. The empire of Charlemagne was its first fruits. It is next seen in the mighty kingdoms of Castile and Arragon, whose wanted boast, afterwards, was, that the sun never set on their far-spread dominions. By this time the bold Saxons had crossed the wild waves of the Germanic ocean, and by insinuating themselves in the favor of their Britannic neighbors, drove them from their homes, and took possession of the soil, now consecrated to freedom.

To trace, step by step, the march of progress which England underwent, led on by this hardy race, would be out of the bounds of a limited discourse. It is sufficient to say, however, that the results of the Individualism of the fearless and adventurous Barbarian, are indelibly stamped upon the Anglo-Saxons of the nineteenth century. The lineaments of that character are as unmistakeable as the noon-day sun. Herein is our strength. Herein is our superiority over the nations of Continental Europe. We glory in the energy and iron-will of our Saxon forefathers. We rejoice that we have inherited, at least in a measure, those features of their character. Yet, we have even more reason to rejoice, that the Individualism of our lives has not come down to us unalloyed. Its advancement has been steady, and commensurate with the progress of the country.

England, with giant strides, has outstripped the world, by her bold advances both upon sea and land. "Onward! ever onward! she pushes; she makes friends, awakens interest and inspires hope." But while she advances in commerce, science, and agriculture, that Individualism, which has ever been a beacon light to her in all her undertakings, has undergone wonderful changes. That Celtic chieftain, whom self-love taught to regard individual interests paramount to everything else, is now supplanted by a champion, who wields a far more powerful weapon; yet that weapon is never raised but to maintain justice and defend truth. Those brawny limbs and stiffened sinews, which were mighty in battle and a terror to foes, their descendants now use to till the soil and cultivate the arts. That mind, the noblest gift of God to man, which served to concoct the schemes of their inborn-selfishness, is now the channel of that freedom of thought which is revolutionizing the world.

What has been the result of this sudden transition? Britannia, once only noted for the ferocity of its inhabitants, is now the center of civilization. Her vales, which once resounded with the barbarous orgies of Druidical worship, now re-echo the songs of a nation, rejoicing in salva-

tion. The former seat of misrule and oppression is now blessed with good government, and is a refuge for the oppressed of all nations.

The more society advances in true worth, the higher and nobler are the accomplishments of Individualism. We can conceive of nothing more praiseworthy in man, than the desire to elevate the condition and destiny of his fellowmen. Individualism, in its original sense, would overturn society and transform it into a despotism, far more oppressive than worst of feudal tyranny; but let it only be educated and polished and it will contribute to the highest interests of man. After this is consummated, instead of every one struggling to gratify selfish desires, it will be the ambition of all to promote the welfare of others. Then, instead of the rich heritage of our fathers tending to undermine social growth and the confidence of man with man, it will only serve to bind tighter the bonds of good will, and then benevolence and fraternity will reign supreme in the hearts of all men.

KENYON, Nov. 19, 1858.

Memorabilia Kenyonensia.

THE SACKING OF THE CHAPEL.

'Twas midnight, in his cheerless bed,
The Tute lay dreaming of the hour
When there might rest upon his head
The crown of Professorial power:
In dreams the Freshmen now he saw
Tipping their hats with reverent awe;
In dreams the meed of praise he heard,
Then sat the Presidential chair,—
Then for the guilty laid the snare;
His thought soared free upon the air,
Like Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on, the Tute awoke ;
 His dream was with the past ;
 He woke to hear the students shout,
 " Make tracks ! cut stick ! a Prof's about ! "
 He woke, his gay hopes to revoke,
 To snatch his lantern and his cloak,
 While fleeting feet fell thick and fast
As duck-shot on an iron sheet,
 And with a tone— *'tho' low not sweet—*
 The Prof. did urge him on :—
 Quick—that these rascals we may catch !
 Quick—lest more mischief they may hatch !
 Quick—for they'll surely use dispatch !
 And to their rooms be gone."

They ran like *whiteheads* up the stair ,
 They trod the ground with Arab speed ;
 They *vamosed*, but the Tute was there
 Their faces bent to read.
 Go shuffling through the halls with dire
 Intent, strict reason to require
 From every luckless wight—
 He opes the doors of slumberers deep—
 But some in *breeches* wrapt—not sleep—
 His mighty wrath excite.

Come to each separate chamber, Tute !
 Come to the Seniors, so profound
 In stately mien and thought astute ;
 Come when there's a jolly sound
 From Juniors,—Pandemonium's broke,
 And greeny Fresh bewail the stroke ;
 Come in whatever form or guise,
 Your shape's not pleasant to the eyes ;
 Come, when Soph'moric spirits rise
 With song, and cards, and mean Port wine,—
 And thou'rt not wanted ; the cheer,
 The laugh, the fun, the spree, the beer,
 And every thing for which we steer.
 From " Powers that be," are thine—(*in a horn.*)

But to the student, when his arm
 Has made a job for jolly *Dick*,
 Their voice sounds like " a false alarm,"
 Their safe low chuckling has a charm
 Beneath the folds of comfort thick.
 O, Richard ! of that motley throng,
 Old Erin's vaunted " sons of Genius "—

Thy name *alone*, shall Kenyon's song
Conspire to render famous.
Remember thou the "Chapel's sack!"
Keep door and windows lightly closed!
Those seats may be again *transposed*,
A burden for thy back!

WINTER TERM—ASCENSION HALL—PRESENTATION TO PROF. LANG.

Our Winter Term is now well commenced, but the students have not yet attained that smoky saffron-colored hue which they generally wear about this season. The 'unpleasantness of the weather precludes, in a great measure, regular exercise in the open air, and induces an inactivity which a hot room, pipes and tobacco only encourage. Ascension Hall, with its formidable battlements and feudal-like appearance, is deserted, and the wind blowing through its empty casements seems whistling for the workmen. The only item worthy of note in the chronicles of Kenyon is the late presentation to Prof. Lang. The Professor's protracted ill health has rendered rest and relaxation absolutely necessary. The students, desirous of expressing their high appreciation of his character, both as an instructor and also as a man, subscribed the neat sum of \$300.00, which was placed in the hands of Pres. Andrews, to be presented publicly to the Professor, at Evening Prayers. The affair came off as expected. The President, in the course of his remarks, spoke of the high honor which he felt in being thus selected to present this token of esteem. That it was the earnest desire of the students that the Professor would travel, and their hope, that by a change of air and rest, which he would thus be enabled to enjoy, his health would be restored. He also spoke in the most touching manner of the long and intimate friendship which had existed between himself and Prof. L.; how in youth they had had sweet intercourse, and in manhood had worked shoulder to shoulder in furthering the interests and advancing the prosperity of Kenyon.

The Prof., in endeavoring to reply, seemed for a time completely overcome with emotion; but soon recovering himself, spoke with an earnestness and heartfelt thankfulness that will

long be remembered. He remarked, in conclusion, that although for a season he might be absent from us, still, that we should be ever present to his mind, and should be remembered, not only in his passing thought, but also before the "Throne of Grace." And, in return, he hoped, that we, in our prayers, would remember him.

Every thing passed off pleasantly, and the affair can not but prove a source of satisfaction to all concerned.

PENINSULAR.

Editors' Table.

THE *weather*, most indulgent reader, has ever formed a prominent topic in the social circle, and been often fallen back upon as a *dernier* resort in conversation. Young men have furbished off epistolary effusions with magnificent descriptions of dreamy, sunny afternoons, clear, deep blue skies, and gorgeous, crimson sunsets; and ardent, sentimental maidens have grown warm over the balmy breezes and blooming verdure of seed-time, or painted in glowing colors the sombre, sad October. The farmer—most incorrigible of croakers—is ever complaining of untimely showers or early frosts, fearing his spring wheat won't prosper, or his corn crop won't turn out well, or his potatoes will be nipped, or—some other terrible misfortune will come upon him.

That there is some delicate connection between the weather and the mental state, no sane man will deny. How rapidly the blood courses through our veins, what a sense of exhilaration permeates every nerve and diffuses a genial radiance through the frame, when Mother Earth casts off the garb of winter, and assumes the beauty and loveliness of spring. Who has not experienced the weakness and lassitude of July? Who has not known the depression and melancholy of drear November, or that sensation more familiarly called the *blues*, incident to visitations of rain and sloppy streets, and every thing else that sailors would call *foul*? Notwithstanding the disagreeable duty we students must perform, in shivering from our comfortable beds these cold mornings of January, to attend devotions in chapel—devotions very much lacking in fervency, we sometimes fear—yet we appreciate the vigorous tingle which the elastic air imparts to both the physical and intellectual organism. We are not inclined to relinquish the hope of future wintry enjoyments; we expect to take grand skates on the old river yet, and we relish the idea of a repetition of some of the glorious sleigh-rides we have participated in.

Just think of a seat by the side of a buxom, laughing, happy-hearted, gay, dear, enticing, bewitching *feminine creature*—oh, golly! the dance, and the

supper, and the ride home, and all the other agreeabilities. Listen to Poe's rhythmical melody:

"Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Rhunic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells."

The subject of the weather having been very drippingly impressed upon our mind, we have deemed a few items thereon not inappropriate to "Our Table." December and January have been truly a damp episode in our existence. We know nothing so analagous to what a description of it should be, as Dickens' celebrated description of a London Fog. That notorious individual, the "oldest inhabitant," has prophesied and re-prophesied change after change, without ever seeing a prediction verified. Mrs. Grundy says, "We are having quite a spell of weather." She is correct. We are isolated from the world—

"The roads are not passable,
Not even jackassable."

The lugubrious countenances of the students sufficiently evince the effect of such a disconsolate state of things upon them. And one of our friends has handed us a poetical *concoction*, expressive of his view, and quite amply depicting our unenviable situation. We offer it to your perusal for what it is worth:

"Oh, Winter! ruler of the inverted year,"
Why don't you show your visage here?"

Mud! mud! mud! mud!
Frothy as the washtub sud;
How these clumps and ruts of mud
Do our *classic hill* bestud!
How its chills congeal our blood,
This *confounded* mealy mud!
Whose vain hopes would dare to bud
When the scene is naught but *mud*?
E'en the kine, as they their cud
Chewing, scan this sticky mud,
From the sight do quickly scud.

Who'll get up some sort of a ferry?
This weather the croaking bull-frogs suits.
Fancy them blowing their dismal flutes.
In Gambier the mud o'ertops our boots,
And rubbers are no use—*nary!*

As the month of January closes, we read of "Burns' Festivals" held all over the country. And special mention is made of one at Boston, the modern Athens. A collection of the most notable literary men of the age met together, as Emerson truly expressed it, "to hold their parliament with love and poetry." There was indeed "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." Lowell sang in poetic strains the praises of the "cottage bard." Whittier sent his tribute, too, to the memory of one whose melodies of "Bonny Doon" and "Auld Lang Syne" will echo through all Anglo-Saxon homes for time to come. And the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table graced the occasion by one of the finest gems of poesy that has emanated from his pen. Did time and space permit, we would give it entire; as it is, we can only give a few stanzas:

"The century shrivels like a scroll,
The past becomes the present,
And face to face, and soul to soul,
We greet the monarch peasant.

"Who heard the infant's wailing cry,
The babe beneath the shieling—
Whose song to-night in every sky
Will shake earth's starry ceiling.

"Whose passion-breathing voice ascends,
And floats like incense o'er us,
Whose ringing lay of friendship blends
With Labor's anvil-chorus."

WHILE we hold the pen in our hand, the melancholy news of the death of William H. Prescott, the historian, excites an unfeigned feeling of regret within our hearts. Who that has been fascinated by the romantic truths of the Fall of the Incas—with the adventures of Hernando Cortez in the ancient kingdom of the Montezumas; who that has lingered over the pages of Philip II, and watched the development of, perhaps, the grandest effort of modern history, would restrain the involuntary sigh? He has left an impress on his era which can never be effaced. The character of the true man is stamped on all his productions, as well as in the memory of those who enjoyed his intimate friendship. His reputation as one of the most able chroniclers the world has known will perpetuate his name, while the purity of his life will command the admiration and love of posterity.

WITH February comes Valentine's Day, which affords an opportunity for the declaration of secret affection, confessions of inner love ne'er confessed before, assurance of undying devotion—and so on, *ad libitum*, including all the foibles of that funny little fellow called Love. How many delicately-performed *billet-doux* will pass through Uncle Sam's depository on that day! Love-lorn swains of all grades and kinds will sigh forth their plaintive wooings. The fascinating young damsel of the *haut ton* will coo like a turtle-dove to the nice young man who has passed so many delightful hours in her society. The maid of the kitchen will snatch a moment from her work to peruse the mournful ditty of the coachman; and Biddy's sympathizing heart will reciprocate every syllable of Mike's sprawling quotation:

"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
Sugar is sweet, and so are you."

However, that reminds us of an intercepted effusion, far more tender and affecting, calculated to draw tears from the reader's eye. We suppress names, of course, but render it *verbatim et literatim*, and you will please mark its uniqueness and elegance:

My Dear ———

May this Addl to your mind my love and truth to your absence! from your Addl tears and lamentations to me! I assure you my sentiments perfect! sars of heaven may fall but my love to you can never fail happy would I be if I was in your possession! I love to tell on the present moments I have spent in your company take this from my hand as a pledge of my love and truth

S.

Think of the quint-essence of honey, Otto of Rose, and all the other sweets! This is "linked sweetness long drawn out"; this is emblematic of unbroken confidence; the very outcropping of unsophisticated ingenuousness; a "pledge of affection," impossible to be misconstrued. Time was when we—now of editorial dignity—doled our pennies unstintedly for the perusal of such sentimentalisms; we gloated over the sight of them as they reposed in unsullied whiteness and purity within the parental box at the Post Office.

What a sensation, unfeigned, too, of chivalric enthusiasm, almost equal to that inspired by the poetry of the Troubadours, shot through our veins as we recognized the cramped hand-writing of Nellie, that blue-eyed damsel whose image was enshrined in our heart of youthful hearts! Every arrow shot from Cupid's bow—that is, from the above-mentioned heavenly orbs of blue—pierced deep, and left a ghastly scar. Incongruous as it may seem, this cogitation reminds us of the agony we suffered from those *bent pins* that big, ugly, red-headed boy, who used to occupy the seat behind us in the little red brick school-house, was wont to torment us with. We "licked" him afterwards, but we can feel the pain now.

Ah, well! these musings are in striking contrast to present reality. This must be our Valentine, and go through the press. As for those we receive, we trust they may contain the "root of all evil."

Our list of exchanges has come up entirely missing. They number some two dozen in all, and many of them have not been seen on our table for months. What has become of you, fellow-editors? are you defunct? Have you been compelled to yield to financial pressure? Have your creditors stopped your issue on account of your inability to pay up? If no misfortune has fallen upon you, let your periodicals assure us of your existence.